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In the progress of march, a district of country, many leagues in extent, has been desolated with fire and blood. Before them are green fields and populous villages, and a country bright and beautiful with all the cheerfulness of cultivation and life. Behind is desolation and silence. Their foe has been preparing to meet them, and now hundreds of thousands of soldiers, waiting an appointed signal to murder each other, are separated only by a narrow interval, which the desolation of war has not yet touched. We are told that it often happens in such cases, that the sentinels of the opposing armies, the night before battle, meet, interchange salutations, and mutual kind offices, but a few hours before they are called out to cut each other's throats. In what strong relief do such facts present the guilt of those merciless rulers, who thus convert men, formed to love and help each other, into deadly enemies!

The signal is given to go forth to the terrible work. With the explosion of artillery, in long repeated and terrible bursts, is heard. Squadrons of cavalry thunder over the plain. Steel clangs with steel in the desperate conflict of life for life. In the midst of smoke, darkness, and the infernal din of all that is astounding in the last fierce efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair, the combatants feel a strange unconcern and indifference to life; a madness like that which attack and opium give to the desperate Malay, which they feel in no other position; an indifference which renders them careless to consequences, and causes them, with an unblenching eye, to note the streaming carnage, and hear, without feeling, the wild wail of death around them. For a moment the central arena is a scene of humanity and cavalry, in wild confusion, in which the clang of sabres is heard, over the fierce shouts or the cries of agony. The veteran mercenary, trained to coolness even in this horrid scene, watches with eye and hand, and braced muscle, the moment to thrust home his steel to his opponent's bosom; happy, if, while intent on that issue, an unwatched foe seize not the unguarded moment and vital space, and give him the death blow he was meditating for another. Some of the fallen wretches are uttering loud cries for water. Others implore the passing friend or foe to finish their agony. Over the bodies of the wounded trample the cavalry at the height of their speed. The grinding wheels of the artillery plow other half-expiring victims deep in the soil. Others, still breathing, still supplicating mercy, are thrown beneath masses of the dead, into the fosse, to make a bridge of bodies. On this point of fierce conflict a park of artillery is finally brought to bear; and victors and vanquished, and the untouched warriors in the thickest of the fight, are promiscuously swept away in columns. The loud hurrah of the conquering assailants, pursuing their foe, is replaced by the low and expiring moans of the dying. Such is a battle. Forty thousand young and vigorous men lie dead, or dying on the field. Thousands of war horses are scattered in confusion among them. Greedy and heartless plunderers, the vampires of battle, are gathering up the wrecks, stripping the dead, and giving the last fatal thrust to the wounded; while, intermixed among them are friends, relatives, children, parents, wives, searching and yet fearing to find, among the fallen, those dear to them as life. Such is the central point of the picture; and burning towns, and a smoking and desolated country, in all the visible distance, form the background. Extravagant and abhorrent, and out of nature, as this spectacle may seem, it has been presented with the reality of horrors a hundred fold more revolting, in every period of history, and in the fairest portions of every civilized country.

The battle, however, is past; a battle fiercely contested from the rising to the setting sun of a summer's day. What heart would not sicken at the horrid spectacle! What ruler, whose nature was not waxing fiendish, would not pause before he yielded any contribution of influence to produce a scene thus abhorrent and accursed in the sight of God and man! My heart bleeds at the sight of the carnage, and my nerves are susceptible, hopes and fears as intense, as my own; and they had equal claims to continue to caress their children, behold the bright sun and exult in feeling life, and admiring God's beautiful creation, I look abroad where yesterday there were so many thousands of men with hearts beating warm, so many villages, groves, farm houses, peasants, birds singing in the branches, and the hope of harvest waving in the breeze. It now presents smoldering ruins, a soil polluted with blood, covered with corpses, a picture all loathsomeness and horror. The scent of carnage has already allured the birds of prey, and they are sailing above this scene of human madness and depravity, presenting at least one of Cousin's vaunted compensations of the horrors of war, a gale which has brought the vultures a gratuitous feast.

Were I to follow the letters and messengers to forty thousand dwellings, announcing to mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, orphans, the names of the slain; were I to attempt to delineate the general result of sweeping disease in all the immediate vicinity of the battle; and of individual poverty, helplessness and despair, blasting the bereaved cottages, (for most of the fallen were dwellers in humble cabins,) the picture of misery would be too vast and indistinct to produce a clear perception of the result. Life blood, poured out as water, may have swollen to a river, without presenting the eye and the heart with distinct associations of the thought of misery which we have endeavored to depict some of the horrors which attend, or are consequent upon, battles on land. Let us pass to another element. The hostile squadrons have now met on the abyss of mid ocean. A scene ensues, which could not be presented in its adequate shades of horror, even were there no fear of disgusting by the continuity of such revolting paintings. Strange, that even the mysterious, fearful, and fathomless abyss should not have been sacred and unpolluted by the crimes of man! The fierce storm, the raging billows, the irresistible fury of the sea, a plank alone separating the inmates of the ships from a grave in the ocean, are not found sufficiently fearful. On this restless element, far from any shore, with no refuge but the sky above, the bottomless deep below, the ships meet; the crash of cannon succeeds. The mariners drop bleeding from their shrouds, fall mangled on the decks, fill the hold with bodies, with blood and slaughter. Some of the ships reel, and go down into the depths with all their imprisoned victims enclosed. Others explode, and in ten thousand burning fragments cast all that has life on board first into the air, in a moment afterwards to plunge into the sea. Nature, in her inexorable majesty, as though in mockery of the insane folly of these impious living atoms, thus wantonly defying her, spreads out her interminable sky and sea, as an impassable barrier to escape. A few victorious ships, scarce able to sustain their battered hulks above the water, sail with their captured prizes for a friendly port; happy, if a rising gale bury not victors and vanquished alike in the ocean!

Another trait of mad incongruity, and, seen its true light, of disgusting contradiction, ensues. While the fight lasted, mercy and humanity would have been crimes. The only duty, the only heroism and perfection of military attainment, is to kill. But the moment the battle is over, the point of honor is reversed; and the perfection of bravery and honor is to expose life, and manifest an

intrepid recklessness to danger to save the very victims, which, but a few moments before, it was duty in every possible way to attempt to destroy. A recorded incident, after the battle of Navarino, will show how this incongruity impressed a race whom we are accustomed to consider as barbarians. After the firing had ceased, Sir Edward Codrington, the English admiral, sent a lieutenant medical or other assistance they might want. This vessel, probably with the crew of more than a thousand men, had but one medical officer on board, and he unfortunately, had been killed among the first in the action. Her loss had been immense, and they had not thrown the dead overboard, nor removed their wounded to the cockpit; and the deck presented a most horrible scene of gore and mangled bodies. Amid this frightful spectacle, about a dozen of the Turkish officers, superbly dressed, sat in the cabin upon crimson ottoman, smoking with inconceivable apathy, while slaves were handing them their coffee. The English officers presented their admiral's compliments, and offered any assistance. The chief Turkish officer replied with frigid composure, 'that they stood in no need of any assistance whatever.' 'Shall not our surgeons attend to your wounded?' 'No,' gravely replied the Turk. 'Wounded men need no assistance. They soon die.' Returning to the Asia, Sir Edward Codrington's ship, and communicating the result of their mission, they were ordered back to bring with them the Turkish admiral's secretary, and some other officers, with whom the English admiral held a long conference. When it was closed, the English lieutenant was ordered to land the Turks wherever they chose. Rowing them ashore about day-break, they saw the wreck of a mast, on which a score of wounded or exhausted Turkish soldiers were endeavoring to save themselves. Never mind them,' said the Turkish secretary, with the utmost composure. 'But it is my duty to mind them; and should I not attempt to relieve them, the admiral would reprove me, and I should disgrace the service.' Having said this, the boat was ordered to pull toward the mast, and the lieutenant succeeded in saving about a dozen of these unhappy wretches. As soon as they were stowed in the bottom of the boat, the Turkish officer, after a short but apparently profound meditation, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. 'What is the matter?' exclaimed the astonished lieutenant. 'What, in the name of heaven, is there to laugh at in saving these poor fellows?' 'What to laugh at!' replied the Turk in a tone of the bitterest sarcasm. 'Laugh! by Allah! Are not you English a consistent people? Yesterday, while we were quietly taking our coffee, you opened upon us your cannon, and knocked our ships to pieces, and killed or mangled our men, until the fleet is one vast slaughter house; and this morning you have suddenly become so humane, that you cannot pass a score of wounded soldiers without putting yourself out of the way to save them!'

But another view of the issue of these great battles by land and by sea remains to be presented. The number of the slain, the misery and annoyance, it is natural to suppose, have been nearly equal. The opposing chiefs each present their sovereigns a bulletin of the battle. Both parties have common interest—that the people should be deceived; and each diminishes his own loss as he exaggerates that of his foe. The generals, the military chiefs, are named one by one, and their bravery and good conduct is the theme of the most animated eulogy; while the poor ignorant drudges, dragged or hired to expose themselves to be shot at for a few pence a day, a blue coat with a red collar, and now and then an intoxicating dram, men who have been lavish of their blood,

who have done the fighting, endured the fatigue, and suffered the mortality, unhonored and unmourned, are only considered the *materiel*, the unsentient machinery, the steam operatives; while the army is considered to live, die, gain honor, and sustain defeat, only a few generals and chiefs, who are mounted on swift and beautiful horses, who receive ample salaries, payed in scarlet and fine every day.

Forthwith, in each of the capitals of the countries of war, it is blazoned in the official gazette that a glorious victory has been gained by land and sea. The streets in both the capitals are illuminated. The national vanity and hate are called into more intense and enthusiastic action. The cannons burst in a general *feu de joie*. The people intoxicate themselves in the madness of their exultation. But all these sickening pageants fade in comparison of one that remains, more revolting than the rest. In the proudest and most ancient cathedral of the land, a solemn *Te Deum* and thanksgiving is to be offered to the Almighty, for having vouchsafed to grant their army and navy a glorious victory. The most exalted prelate, attended by his subordinate priests, puts on his robes of the most solemn ceremonial, and offers a ritual of thanksgiving for the victory to the Almighty. *Te Deum* is chanted to the pealing notes of the organ. Rendered into the language, which is almost yet unknown to the world, the words of *simplicity and truth*, these thanks, these praises ascend to God, for having enabled their forces to slay some thirty or forty thousand of the young men of their enemy, and to give the encouraging hope that famine and pestilence will destroy twice as many widows and orphans. At the same time, perhaps, the same abhorrent farce is enacted in the other capital; and to crown the abstract picture of war in general will not be found to be at all overcharged when measured by the actual record of the ten thousand battles that give the chief interest to all the pages of history.

This war is sustained with similar issues for ten or twelve years, each nation changing its *Te Deum* after every signal battle. Fields and towns enough have been taken by assault, and destroyed, to satisfy any supposable perseverance of revenge. Young men can be no where found for conscription. There are not efficient laborers remaining to till the fields. Both nations have been drained of men, and money, and taxed and fleeced with forced loans, and what the oppressed subjects are obliged to call voluntary contributions, until, from mere inability to extort more money from the people each party becomes weary of the war, not from the despairing murmurs of the subjects, but from the utter failure of all the tried expedients to raise money. Yes; if money could still be raised in any form, the miserable, mercenary rabble of the nations might still be hired to keep up the accursed fray. But money, the perpetual and omnipotent instrument of ambition, money the god of this world, money, the standard ratio of the price of blood and tears, money, the logic and rhetoric, the taste, poetry and eloquence, money, the worth, political and moral elevation and greatness in the scale of modern estimation, absolutely fails. No more money can be raised wherewith to purchase blood. The *Serene Princess* the *defenders of the Faith*, the *Christian Majesties*, can no longer procure the article of sentient flesh; and the sword pauses from fleshing itself from the Danube to the Ganges, the living fibre and the palpitating heart are still in the market; but every necessary of life; from the cradle to the coffin, light and heat, blankets and coarse bread, the Bible and gazette, the license to introduce wailers into life, and to carry the worn out dead to the last house, every article of consumption and pleasure, have been

forced with the power press to the last thread of the screw, and the last point of tension, and money ceases to flow from the pressure. The *gracious* and *humane* become suddenly affected with qualms of tenderness for their dear subjects. They are infinitely desirous to put an end to the evils that have so long afflicted them, and to impart to them the blessings of peace. Men, deeply worn in the jesuitical arts of diplomacy, are selected to meet at an assigned city, and after mutual attempts at circumvention, and when all arts of eloquence are exhausted, each party discovers that money has failed to the other. The sovereigns meanwhile are loud in their declarations of sincere desires of peace. They confess in all humility, their love of concord, and their benevolent wishes to stop the effusion of blood, and arrest the desolation of war. The long and tedious discussions, the etiquette of precedence and bows, the rejoinders to both parties, else the negotiation might have lasted till Doom's day. In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity, the sovereigns proclaim a *perpetual* peace, which is understood by both parties to mean, until they have recovered strength and accumulated resources to play the same royal and exciting game again. The loss and gain of all these millions of money and lives, these rivers of blood and tears, are balanced and receipted by an old hackneyed Latin saw, "*in statu quo*." That is, saving the death and desolation, the parties leave off just where they began. What goes to my heart when reading history, and fills me with pity and shame for my kind is, that the people, the million upon whom all this misery has fallen, the dwellers in cottages, who raised the bread, made the blankets, cast the cannon, forged the steel, prepared the gunpowder, furnished the sovereign his millions, and the generals, and all the leeches, in the guise of contractors, sutlers, and purveyors, their thousands, the people, who dragged the artillery, breasted the fight, and furnished the flesh and blood, in an affray, the cause of which none of them understood; this people, who kindled bonfires, held public rejoicings, and rioted in demonstrations of gladness, when the war was proclaimed, when the victories, equally claimed by both powers, were announced, kindle bonfires again, and are half frantic in the festivity of gladness.

A few talismanic words, the efficacy of which is but too well known to the sovereigns, such as *the glory of God, the defence of the truth, the interests of the church*, the quarrel of some miserable colonial subjugated despot in remotest India or Africa, the failure to draw down a flag when bidden, the seizure of a cargo of coffee and sugar, the carrying on the high seas some article of contraband, and a thousand times beyond all the real national difference of religion, hereditary enmity, national pride and revenge, these are the phrases of magic efficacy to open the infernal gates of war. The flame kindled by these hackneyed phrases of state, which began in Europe, finds fuel in the universal ignorance and frenzied love of war, to which the nations have been trained, sufficient to extend the conflagration to the remotest sources of the Ganges and the deepest interior forests of America. Thus the Briton madly rushes to arms against the Frenchman, the Christian against the Turk, the Jew against the Greek and the Catholic against the Protestant. By expedients thus coarse and revolting, has the earth been rendered in all time a field of blood.

Let us for a moment look at some of the pretexts of war. We shall be asked, what view we take of a war invasion, and where a state is called to act in the purest self defence? The import of the term *war*, as it stands in my mind, is always to be taken in a bad sense; it implies aggression and unnecessary violence. If history presents a case of a people wantonly invaded, without shadow of pretext, resisting in defence of their sacred rights and honors, I would not call their resistance by the abhorrent name of war. Such a case comes not within my purview. I discuss only the guilt of wars that might and should have been avoided. Besides, the case of wars of wanton and entirely unprovoked aggression, I am ready to believe, and history, as I think, warrants me in the belief, are of much less frequent occurrence than have been com-

monly supposed. Amidst the interminable ocean of human turmoil and crime, we find here and there in the pages of history, moral resting places, like pleasant islands, in poor and virtuous states with a general and public character, like that of modern Friends, over which the storm of war passed innocuous—states, which the fiercest and most wanton conquerors have spared. Nor have there been wanting numerous examples of cases where the estates of pacific and exemplary princes, prelates, and philosophers have been spared amidst the most infuriate and embittered ravages of an unsparring hostility to all beside. Let a state be conscious of itself that it has done all in its power, by way of prevention and forbearance, precept and example, to avoid war; and when such a state is invaded, I call not its resistance war. But the state must be sure that it has drained the cup of forbearance, and exhausted efforts, ~~in its power, to avoid war, and when such a state is invaded, I call not its resistance war.~~ of rare occurrence. The rulers of an invaded people can rarely lay such an unction to their souls.

But, after all, there is no analogy between a war of such a character and individual self defence, the impulse to which is to be allowed to be an innocent instinct of our nature. In the case of individual assault, every person understands, and measures the nature, degree, and injustice of the assault by his own consciousness. An army, raised with the purest purposes of self defence, can have little of this individual and distinct perception of the nature and degree of injury it has to resist. Thousands are leagued to redress injustice, and the nature and degree of which but few of them feel and understand.

Let us proceed to look at the result of war, which its apologists consider one of its *compensations*. Economists, who are haunted with the terror, that the world is rapidly tending to become overstocked with inhabitants, see in a war a mode of getting rid of the excess of population, and a deliverance from the terrible necessity of the fabled children of Saturn of devouring each other. I am not a believer in such an increasing population of the globe. It seems to me sufficient evidence from history, and the recent astonishing disclosures of geological investigation, that the earth, many thousand years ago, was more populous than at present. It is true in secure and settled governments of mismanaged government, unjust and unequal distribution of property, and odious and oppressive shackles upon the freedom of emigration. Redress these evils, and population, like water, will naturally find its own level. The far greater portion of the earth, and the fairest portions of it, are yet unpeopled deserts. Vast extents of Asia, that furnished the armies of Ninus, Semiramis, Xerxes, Solomon, Alexander, Genghis, Khan, and the oriental myriads of history, are now frightful solitudes. The "eternal city" has dwindled from five millions to one of the third class in populousness; and imperial Italy has become depopulated in proportion. When all the deserts comprising three quarters of the habitable globe, are peopled like England and China, then let the disciples of Malthus ring the tocsin of war to dispose of the surplus population. Are we sure that the Creator, in earthquake, inundation, volcanic eruption, the plague spot and cholera, inflicted in his own way, and in his own inscrutable wise and benevolent purposes, cannot as righteously and equally adjust the balance of population as an infuriated conqueror, let loose with his squadrons of myrmidons upon the peaceful peasantry, to flesh their steel in the bodies of the unoffending, and to spare neither age nor sex? For myself, I would that my fellows should fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men.

I have too much confidence in the wise arrangements of the author of the world, to have any fears that the earth will ever suffer from excess of population, when its inhabitants are distributed as they should be, and as, when left free to choose for themselves, they will be; and when the earth is made to produce all that is capable of being drawn from its bosom. But were it otherwise, and as these apprehensive economists fear, it would be incumbent on sovereigns and legislators to show their right to decimate their subjects by this fearful and unequal conscription of war.

Among all the changes which our world

has evidently undergone, we have no doubt that each successive change has rendered it a happier and more fertile abode for man. He who formed it and imparted to it the active principle of all these changes, evidently formed man to advance to the highest improvement of his physical powers, in subordination to his still higher moral powers, and has given him sufficient intimations that Providence, in its own wise way, will adapt the earth to the new calls upon it, for sustenance furnished by accumulating population, or decimate the access to its own calm and unchangeable equity.

But we will not expatiate upon the refutation of the pretexts of war. When it presses, in the case of invasion, upon the mass of a nation, as a personal assault upon an individual, endangering property, liberty and life, I leave the discussion of the right of such a war to civilians. It would be monstrous to dwell for a moment upon the pretexts of any other wrong rather than do wrong, were a universal principle, the necessity of considering such a case would cease. We shall be told, as the Peace Society has been told, that the adoption of this maxim would be to invite the wolves into the fold. Not so. He who promulgated the gospel had broader and clearer views of the tendency of christian morals. If a whole nation should sincerely, in spirit and in truth, adopt the non resistance of the Friends, in its utmost extent, it is my undoubting conviction, that such is the calm course of the divine justice in the perpetual laws of human nature, such the present power of public opinion, which is a part of the development of those laws, that that state would be more securely and invincibly defended, were its position even the centre of Europe, than by all the bayonets of the autocrat of Russia.

Let the rulers of the earth, the apologists of war, learn another truth. With the thirst for knowledge and truth, which seems to have been diffused by the four winds, there is every where an impulse to ascend to first principles, and to investigate the origin of the social compact with a severe and complete analysis. A thousand minds in every country will no longer take things upon semblance and trust, or be imposed upon by symbols and the heraldic mummery of crochets and crowns, the solemn and unmeaning phrases of state, and the guise of display and sily led for so many ages. The divine right of kings and priests is extinguished forever from all minds but those who still receive all the elements of their action upon trust. The murky and mysterious cloud of unquestioned sanctity and inviolability, with which thrones and hierarchies have been invested for so many ages, like a vaporous mist, a dark miasm, has gone up, and is melted into thin air. Men begin to note with astonishment that a crown is but a little gold, ornamented with shining pebbles; that a truncheon is but a piece of wood; and that power is *wisdom, justice, and beneficence*. Men will know why a prelate should have an immense revenue for duties performed by a starving curate. The million are every where calling upon the few, to be instructed why they were born to give the law, and the people implicitly to receive it? The changes which have taken place in England and in France, within a comparatively brief period, speak "trumpet tongued," to opposing blood thirsty rulers. Mark the feverish and morbidly vigilant apprehensions of those governments, in regard to popular movements, innovations, and effort towards the illumination of the lower classes of society. And can the people become wise and clear sighted to spy notes and overlook mountains? Can they make efforts to throw off their lighter oppressions, and succumb, in blind supineness, under the enormous pressure of war?

Be wise, O ye Princes, and ye rulers of the earth learn justice! it is, perhaps, desirable, that the palpable and unalienable rights of man, such as freedom of thought, speech and action, popular education, and the chartered immunities of a constitutional code, should be gradually obtained in the steady and calm progress with which nature imparts her blessings; that they, who have long time been bound in the chains of ignorance and oppression, may experience a gradual adaptation to their new condition. The friends of humanity would prefer to see despotic governments gradually passing from darkness to light, rather than that light should be poured upon

them in the fearful and volcanic glare of a revolution; that liberty and laws should grow like the fruits of the field, rather than be forced at once from the seminal principle to the harvest. The governments that have the wisdom to understand this truth, and act upon it, will let in light and liberty upon their subjects as they can bear the change. Such sovereigns will continue to rule in peace, perhaps to reign in the gratitude and affection of the people, and transmit a power to their posterity, which even the slaves of the Autocrat and Sultan are beginning to understand is not hereditary by any inherent right. Yield in some way assuredly they must. Can sovereigns fail to have discovered that wars are the germinating seeds of revolutions? They beget immorality and recklessness of life. The latter in turn beget independence. The master minds in these scenes of terror and blood are called forth from obscurity on the principle that places the best pilot at the helm in a storm. While such minds naturally awe feeble spirits to submission and subservience, their movements have universally been found to tend to revolution. History knows of no state that has waged many years in succession without a revolution. Revolutions proverbially never move backwards towards power, but forwards towards freedom. Every sovereign, then, who allows his ambition or revenge, his folly or caprice, to send forth armies on the work of destruction, is accumulating materials of explosion under his throne, and sending these warriors with burning matches to fire the train. This result of making war must always be more probable, exactly in the ratio of the progress of liberal ideas, and a knowledge of the rights of man.

MARTIN WERNER.

A SKETCH.

The shades of evening were beginning to creep darkly over the surrounding objects, ere Martin Werner laid down his brushes and palette. His easel was placed so as to catch every ray of light from the solitary window that illuminated the room in which he sat. He had been working all the day to finish his picture, and it was with a heavy sigh that he now desisted. But the sigh was not one of despair, for his nature was sanguine, and there was a buoyancy in his soul that had never yet deserted him. This might have resulted either at present or a future time, find its reward in the applause of thousands; or it might be only the light heartedness of youth and health. But certainly, to look at himself and his abode, most persons would have said that Martin Werner had great cause for melancholy. The apartment was large and cold, but he consoled himself by saying that he could not complain of having no room to work in: and though the window would not open to admit air as well as the yellowish light by which the painter worked, yet draughts poured in from every direction, which, he said, kept up a constant circulation of fresh air. No fire cast a cheerful glow over the desolate region, and the corner opposite to the empty grate was occupied by a lowly bed, beside which stood a large chest, containing the painter's wardrobe. Martin Werner had laid aside his colors, and was carefully searching for something that lay at the bottom of this chest. At length, he dragged forth the object, and proceeded to the window to examine its contents. It was a leathern purse, and from it he drew—carefully wrapped in paper to preserve its lustre—a shining coin. In a happier hour he had been attracted by its brightness, and had determined never to part with it. But now the hand of stern necessity was held forth; he had tasted no food all day. He gazed upon it, and, for a moment, a tear dimmed his eye; for it recalled distinctly his mother, in her distant home; his brothers, tossing on the fickle and deceitful waves; and his sisters, even now, perhaps, thinking how their brother's pictures would be admired and gazed at in the great city. The whole course of his life passed as in a dream before him. Again he was in the cottage home which had sheltered his infancy; again he heard the shouts of the happy urchins who had been his playmates; again he wandered from them, and stood alone with nature—the blue vault above and the lovely earth beneath; he heard the gurgling of the thousand streamlets—the roar of the distant ocean—the songs of the wild birds—and high overhead the lark, to him the sweetest songster of them all.

sending forth its notes, distinct and clear, while the straining eye could scarce perceive the motion of its fluttering wings. All the haunts of his boyhood passed, like the scenes of a magic lantern, before him; and with them the train of happy associations that were connected with each individual spot.

"I cannot part with it," he said, unconsciously aloud; "surely such a dream of happiness is worth starving for. Besides, my picture will be finished tomorrow, and I can wait till then."

With this heroic resolution he replaced his treasure; and folding his arms, he stood at the window whistling one of the plaintive little airs of his country. Group on group of chimneys, of all shapes and sizes, formed the most prominent feature in the landscape before him; and houses with flat roofs and steep roofs, a strange heterogeneous mass of buildings through which the eye in vain wandered for some pleasing object on which to rest. Among them, however, our artist's imagination went to work. Lofty domes and stately palaces arose at the waving of the magic wand of his fancy—forms of beauty and loveliness wandering amid gardens of luxury and delight, while angel messengers bore peace and happiness to their solitude. From these visions of bliss he turned to the destruction of worlds and empires, and the awful depths of the infernal regions, the gigantic billows overhanging the shuddering group of devoted wretches collected on a rock during the great deluge, or the conflagration of majestic cities, doomed by the will of heaven to destruction.

Again his dreams were painfully interrupted by the pangs of hunger; he thought that sleep might lull him into insensibility to them, and stretched himself on his bed. But sleep came not; and after tossing about for some time, he started up and sought, through several streets, the shop of a baker. One he at last espied and hastily entered. The shopkeeper cast a suspicious eye upon his customer; for his clothes were not so new as they had been, and were, besides, covered with divers spots and patches of paint, which did not by any means, add to the gentility of his appearance. Our artist demanded a loaf, in payment whereof he laid down his last bright coin. The baker took it, scrutinized it, turned it over and over, then dashed it violently against the board, and declared it a counterfeit.

"A counterfeit!" exclaimed the painter, dismally. But fearing that his tone might betray his circumstances, he added carelessly, at the same time laying down the coveted loaf, "Well its of no consequence; I don't happen to have another with me now: good night, sir."

Affecting an independent swagger he left the shop, and hastened down the street; but, had he looked back, he would have seen the sharp face of the baker peering after him, as he muttered to himself, "You don't happen to have any more with you now, sir. Ay, ay, you're a pretty scamp, I warrant you; and I shall look twice at your money if ever you come to my shop again."

Martin Werner hastened home. Till that hour he had not known absolute want, and even his buoyant spirits threatened to desert him at the approach of grim penury. Once more he ransacked his chest, for in one corner he remembered to have seen a crust. He found it; it was mouldy, and covered with dust; but he shook that off, and ate it with a keen relish; then got into bed, and slept more soundly than when he had supped upon all the delicacies that wealth could procure.

The morning sun was shining brightly upon him, through the window when he awoke. He leaped from his bed, exclaiming as he hastily dressed himself, "The crisis of my adversity is past! I have climbed its steep hill, and shall now descend to the fair, sunny vale, on the other side. The sun shines gaily on my morning's work; I will take it for an omen—a prognostic of brighter days to come!"

Under these favorable auspices he finished his picture. It was sold, not only for its value as a work of art, but for more than the young and unknown artist had ventured to hope. Success did follow. Each succeeding production of his genius brought fresh fame and profit to the painter; and in after years, when he had become the favored of kings and princes, when his pictures were admired by nations, and purchased by governments, he thought, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, of the mouldy crust which he had so contentedly eaten, in his lonely and desolate garret.

Poetry.

From the Bulletin.

CONSTANCY—OR THE FAIRY.

There was a time in other days,
Ere sacred science' genial rays,
Had warmed the vast expanse of mind,
Or raised the fate of human kind;
When Birds and Beasts and garden Flowers,
Could prattle sweet, with speech like ours,
And long to last, as mortals do.—
Another sprite had Fancy wrought,
Of airy scenes and giddy thought,
A merry elf as e'er was seen.
In summer, o'er a village green—
Who loved among the flowers to flit,
And gaily on a sunbeam sit.
Her name was Fairy—Fancy's scholar,
Of nimble wing and winning voice,
Who ever by the sweetest flowers,
Was welcomed to their sunny bowers.

Once on a time, as maidens say,
She sallied forth to spend the day,
And light as air she flew along,
And straining forth her little song,
Came where her gay and blooming friends,
Long since had fixed her journey's end.
And there, as they were in the wood,
She vowed to try her love and worth:
And ere she paused to greet the rest,
The blushing Rose she thus addressed—
"O Rose, if blighting storms should come,
When I have wandered far from home,
O will you be? (I know you will.)
My constant, friend and love me still!"
"And do you doubt," the Rose replied,
"My love and truth, though ill be hid?"
A bending lily caught her view,
An ancient friend and lover too:
"O Lily, now, if ill I find,
Will you be faithful, true and kind?"
"And could I change?" the Lily cried:
"With fainting blush of injured pride,
And pale its cheek with sorrow grew,
To think its love could prove untrue.
The Tulip, then, she gaily sought,
To win a vow was all she thought:
"O Tulip fair, in moments gone,
Thy kind embrace I oft have known,
And O, if Fortune yet should chide,
May I, my love, with you abide?"
"O ay, O ay, in truth you may,
My love shall last for many a day,
And when the storms of life are near,
My heart shall bid you welcome here."

Then on she flew, with lighter wing,
Nor yet her duty ceased to sing,
Until a friend, a faithful one,
Of modest mien, who grew alone,
Far in a quiet, lovely spot,
Where else the shade had been forgot;
The pale, blue Violet scarcely seen,
Beneath its leaves so close I ween,
That none would think a flower there,
Had not its fragrance filled the air.
The fairy paused and ceased to sing,
And musing, checked her antick wing:
"O Violet blue," she whispered sweet,
"I long have sought thy lov'd retreat,
Once more to greet thy modest worth,
And bid thee share my happy mirth;
But as I'm bound to other scenes,
Where fortune's blights may intervene,
O may I yet where'er I be,
Hope for a faithful friend in thee!"
Recalling scenes by memory given,
"O Fairy sweet, ye've known me long,
Since early spring has swept along,
Twas then, ere other flowers were known,
I stemmed the chilling blast alone;
To shield thy form, my leaves I threw,
And proved a constant friend to you,
But now, since genial summer's come,
You've quite forgot your early home.
But let it pass, and try my truth,
If evil fortunes blight thy youth."
O then how light the Fairy's wing,
She scarcely dreamed of fortune's sting,
But on a sunbeam flew away,
To sport the smiling summer's day.

But Ah! the blighting storm was nigh,
And clouds swift gathering hid the sky.
Now rude the drenching torrents pour,
The Fairy's fancied bliss is o'er,
And soon by sad experience taught,
That every good with ill is fraught,
She vowed to turn, nor wander more,
From those dear friends she loved before—
With struggling wing, she toiled anew,
Came where her friends in safety grew,
But each disowned the suppliant elf,
And only wished to save itself.
The Tulip, Rose and Lily too,
Their leaves around them closer drew,
Nor friend nor shelter could she find,
But seemed to certain woe consigned:
When viewing from its lowly home,
The hapless wanderer—sorrowing come,
The Violet still with heart sincere,
And pitying, dropped a dewy tear,
Unclassed its leaves and on its breast,
Soothed the weary sprite to rest.

And now had ceased the raging storm,
And nature took her wonted form:
The Fairy too, with life renewed,
Told her heartfelt gratitude:
Viewed the present and the past,
How friend's desert at fortune's blast,
That all in life she e'er had known,
Had proved untrue but one alone.

"The Violet said, 'in a world like this,
We vainly hope for endless bliss,
We pause at every summer flower,
And pass an idle, guileless hour,
And fondly dream with giddy mind,
We've left a faithful friend behind,
But when the transient flitting day,
On wings of time has flown away,
We seek for those we'd nigh forgot,
And kindred claim—they know us not."

And may thy bosom deeply feel
This lesson which thy woes reveal:
That earthly friends are seldom found,
Who friends will prove, when fortunes frown:
That one kind heart if true indeed,
Is still enough for every need:
In future then, be this thy aim
'Tis all thy erring heart can claim."

Buffalo, June 21, 1834.

Transcript of News.

MR ROBERTSON'S ASCENSION.—There is, says the N. Y. Com. something more absolutely aspiring in the ascension of an Aeronaut from the Battery of New York, than any spectacle we have ever seen. We question whether Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, could produce one equal to it, either in natural accompaniments or grandeur of effect. Take, for instance, the *coup d'œil* which that noble promenade, and its appropriate appendage the Castle Garden, presented last evening. The whole of the vast area covered with a dense mass of human beings, excited with the most eager expectation. The bright and waveless bosom of the splendid bay, dotted over with vessels of every size, from the princely ship to the little boat, almost sinking with its load. The very trees alive with population, and the windows of all the adjacent houses furnish each its full quota of beauty and animation to add interest and animation to the scene. In the garden the sight is still more stimulating. Is old Rome alive again? The galliard amphitheatre, thronged around its wide extent, and every eye bent on the arena. Yes, that looks like the Circus of the Eternal City. But old Rome never saw such a sight as that arena presents, and those spectators gaze upon. No gladiator, panting for the horrid sport of life and death; no far brought beast of prey to yield up his mighty life for the amusement of his scarce less savage crowd; but a mighty giant of the air, called into life by man's magic art; heaving the struggling bosom with the fierce anxiety to mount the clouds, and burning with desire to escape from the control which chains him from the sky, and bear the adventurous mortal who rules him by his will, afar to regions above the storm. What Roman ever saw a sight like that? And what Arabian poet ever imagined a more gorgeous chariot bear him through the wondering ether.

Never *cedant arma togæ*. Rome has been outmatched, and the inventive genius of modern art has surpassed, with reality, the wildest Genii of the Eastern tale. Enough of this: Balloon ascents have become common enough affairs, and newspapers must record them in the matter-of-fact style of ordinary occurrences. All parties are here agreed that the seventeenth voyage of Mr Robertson was one of the most beautiful ever witnessed. Indeed filling with gas his magnificent balloon, which is of very large dimensions, and elegant appearance, being formed of tri-colored silk, and bearing proudly inscribed on its side the three days of July, which it was made to celebrate. At six it was filled, and a little before seven the intrepid aeronaut cut the strings and rose slowly, majestically, and beautifully in the air, waving his flag responsive to the pealing shouts of the dense multitude.—The balloon remained in sight a considerable time, taking towards Long Island. Mr Robertson took with him a handsome poodle, and a full apparatus for making experiments and observations, which his great scientific knowledge will not fail to turn to account. Multitudes continued, in all parts of the city, to gaze at the spectacle as it receded, and the avenue was thronged with equestrians in pursuit of the sky high voyageur. At our latest knowledge of the aeronaut he was seen from Harlem apparently passing over Long Island to the south-eastward of Jamaica.

Mr Robertson descended at 27 minutes past 7, on a grove near the south beach on Long Island, 18 miles from Brooklyn ferry. He would have been at sea had he remained in his car five minutes longer.

The Harvard College rebellion, (says the N. Y. Cour. & Enq.) seems to be serious, and we have some fears that it may eventuate disastrously to that ancient institution. The case it appears has been brought before the Grand Jury of the county, and three of the gentlemen have been indicted for riotous conduct during the late disturbances. A true bill was also found against another individual, for an assault, &c. on the watchmen appointed by the faculty for the protection of the property, and the preservation of the peace.

A little girl three years old, daughter of the late Mr Lawrence M'Kinney, of Charleston, S. C., was killed a few days since by the discharge of a pistol in the hands of her brother, 6 years old. The pistol had been loaned by the eldest son of the deceased Mr M'Kinney, (who was interred a day or two before) for the purpose of

watching at his father's grave, and had been placed in a drawer, from which it was taken by the child, who discharged it, unconscious of its contents. The shot passed through the breast of the little victim, who died instantly.

A few days since, says the Gloucester (Mass.) Telegraph, some gentlemen called to see Mr Pew, of this town, who will be one hundred and two years old on the third day of next August, but were disappointed, as he was engaged in hoeing corn in a field some distance from home!

At St Patrick's Settlement, near Quebec, as two children were crossing the river Jacques Cartier, in a canoe, and were fast settling into the rapid which was hurrying them into the Falls, Mr Hickey, schoolmaster, threw himself into the stream to attempt their rescue, but was carried down by the strength of the tide, and all three were lost.

The hon. Gullian C. Verplanck has accepted an invitation from a Committee of Amherst College, to deliver the Anniversary Discourse before the three Literary Societies of that institution, on Wednesday.

The Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill is to be celebrated by the Firemen of Boston, by a public procession and dinner.

A cartman named Able, was on Saturday last crushed against a fence by a horse which he was leading in Fourth street, Philadelphia, and so badly injured that he died in a few hours after.

The Newport Mercury completed its 76th year on Saturday the 14th. It was originated by James, the elder brother of Dr Franklin.

Governor Hayne, of South Carolina, has issued his proclamation, offering a reward of two hundred dollars for the discovery and apprehension of the incendiary, who attempted on the 7th inst. to set fire to the Court House in Sumterville, in that state.

The body of Daniel Hickey, an Irish laborer, was found floating, a few mornings since, in the dock on the south side of India Wharf, Boston, with such evident marks of violence about it as to leave little doubt that the unfortunate man was murdered. One of his countrymen, Barney Quining, alias Briant Courtney, was afterwards apprehended as the murderer. The widow of the deceased was so affected on first seeing Courtney brought into court, that she involuntarily uttered the most piercing screams.

The U. S. ship Falmouth, Spencer, commander, 14 days from Pensacola, via Havana, on a cruise to windward, was spoken on the 12th inst., and reported that it was very sickly at Havana.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop England, of the Catholic Church, stationed at Charleston, S. C. has

There seems by all accounts to be an uncommon pressure on the women market at the west. The scarcity is so great about Galena, that any thing in female form is sought after with unheard of avidity.

The two Resolutions which passed the Senate a few days ago, the one declaring the reasons of the Secretary of the Treasury for the removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States to be unsatisfactory and insufficient, and the other requiring the deposits of public money to be hereafter deposited in the Bank of the United States, came up on Friday in the House of Representatives, and were ordered to lie on the table, under circumstances which make it certain that they will not be acted upon during the present session.

A Mr Paul G. Hunt was drowned a few days since, at Petersburg, Va, while bathing with a number of his companions.

At the Oyer and Terminer, held in Suffolk co., L. I., William Enoch has been tried for the murder of his wife, and convicted. He is to be executed on the last day of July. In that county there have been but two executions since the revolutionary war.

On board the steamboat United States last week, a child was born, whose parents have given the name of *Van De Water*, in compliment to the Captain. This name is peculiarly appropriate, as the translation from the Dutch probably means *from the water*.

The cholera is on the increase in New Orleans, but the papers state no particulars. The disorder has disappeared on the banks of the Mississippi, above that place.

The Charlotteville (Va) Advocate of the 22d of May, states that several mad dogs had been killed in that place a few days before, but not until three or four children had been bitten.

The Nashville papers give the details of a most disgraceful fracas which lately took place in that town, between a certain General Mabrey, a member of the State Convention, Mr J. Nelson of Knoxville, and a man named Lanier. The attack upon Nelson appears to have been a most cowardly and ferocious one, and he was so severely injured by a pistol ball that his life is despaired of.

BRITISH LITERATURE.

Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the last Fifty Years.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

(Continued from page 188.)

Few men have died with a higher reputation for historic character and eloquence than Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. The words which he casually uttered in conversation were remembered to be repeated; his speeches were listened to as oracles which settled the destinies of nations; and his History of England was looked for as a brilliant consummation of all; a work which was to convict Clarendon of folly, and Hume of ignorance. There was much about him to raise high expectations: his defence of the French Revolution against the brilliant attack of Burke, was reckoned triumphant, at least by the republicans; abounded in opinions and positions, which reflection and intercourse with the world induced him afterwards to sober and modify. His defence of Pelletier, who was prosecuted under the stream of the victorious eloquence in the case of Burke, he seemed now desirous to rebuild what he had tried before to pull down. His client, he says, "feels with me gratitude to the ruler of empires, that after the wreck of everything else ancient and venerable in Europe—of all established forms and acknowledged principles—of all long subsisting laws and sacred institutions—we are met here administering justice after the manner of our forefathers in this her ancient sanctuary." Nor is this the worst he uttered against the Child and Champion of the Revolution. "Viewing this as I do, (he continued,) as the first of contests between the greatest power upon earth and the only press which is now free, I cannot help calling upon you to pause before the great earthquake swallow up all the freedom that remains among men. Every press on the Continent, from Palermo to Hamburg, is enslaved. One place only remains where the press is free, protected by our government and our patriotism. It is an awfully proud consideration—that venerable fabric, raised by our ancestors, still stands unbroken amidst the ruins that surround us." This was looked upon by many as apostasy—it was apostasy in Napoleon, not in Mackintosh: he defended liberty before, and he defended it still.

It is about twenty years since he first took his seat in the House of Commons. He soon after gave notice of a motion on the cession of Norway to Sweden: the crash was great to hear him, and the dread of the ministry was not a little, for the fame of his knowledge and eloquence was high. He rose, and discoursed with great fluency; his speech was long, full of historical illustration, and brightened with frequent flashes of vigor and familiar force: but that was not the worst: it touched on all matters save the matter in hand, and set all nations of the earth right save Norway. No doubt he pleaded her cause by inference: but that sort of refinement is for the few, not for the many: he had not the art or the power of grappling at once with his subject, and setting it in sunshine. I heard many members mutter "a complete failure," when he concluded his speech.

The hopes of his friends now rested on his promised history; and when any one inquired what he was about, they were told that he was collecting materials, and digging the foundations of his future structure. One saw him taking notes from the manuscripts in the British Museum; by another he was found consulting the records of the commons, or the documents in the state paper office; while, by a third, he was overheard in consultation with Lord Holland, on the meaning of some dubious deed or dark undertaking in the days of William or Anne. All imagined that he was going on with his history, and many hoped for it soon, as the materials for forming it were of no remote date; he was to commence with the Revolution of 1688, and conclude with the overthrow of Napoleon and the return of peace to Europe. "A work," says Campbell, "which he meant to have been his monument for posterity."

For nearly twenty years his history was in hand; and yet I know not that a single volume was finished: he penned episodes, he wrote eloquent passages, bright hits, and delineated characters at full length, but he did no more. The two volumes which, in 1830 and 1831, he gave to Lardner's Cyclopædia, are considered to be an expansion of the preface which was to usher in his great undertaking. They bear marks both of talent and research; but there is nothing in them of that high and commanding order, which makes common readers pause, and say a new light has arisen in the land. In truth, the genius of Mackintosh belonged less to history than to oratory: he seemed to want that scientific power of combination, without which the brightest materials of history are but a glittering mass; he was deficient in that patient but vigorous spirit, which broods over scattered and unconnected things, and brings them into order and beauty. He lavished all his splendor upon secondary matters, and had nothing better to say about things of higher concernment. He was

too speculative and philosophic; his eloquence wanted simplicity, and his language ease. He could make profound remarks on events which he could not describe, save in language rendered obscure by its loftiness. A clear, straightforward, consistent narrative, such as history demands, was a flight beyond him. He was a sayer of splendid things—a man of high talent, of varied attainments, but not an original, or even powerful thinker. Had his genius been of the lionlike kind which his friends represent, it would have raged like a chained demon till it had produced something lofty and noble: genius of the epic order cannot be idle; the power to do is given to the head that conceives: and perhaps no such person ever existed as a "mute, inglorious Milton." In metaphysics, the name of Mackintosh stands well as in oratory.

SIR WALTER SCOTT wrote two histories of Scotland: one of the familiar, fireside sort, the other of a graver character and loftier pretensions. The former is the better; it is supposed to be spoken to his grandson, now like himself in the "Waverley" style, perhaps a yet finer listener. It is all life, and chivalry and romance. In composing it, he perhaps never consulted a single book: the nine volumes seem the result of an effort of memory alone—all is connected and clear. All that was poetic, spirited or peculiar in the varied annals of his native land, was, in his wondrous mind, separated from the chaff and dust of other men's compositions, and was produced clear and clean, and endowed with a fervor and picturesque beauty, of which we have too few examples. The second series of this history is altogether an enchainment thing: he relates the political and social fortunes of Scotland from the accession of the house of Stuart till the Union, and gives us what we can find nowhere else—namely, the domestic incidents and historic episodes—the signs and the wonders, of which no other historian has taken notice. There is a charm in all that equals that of his best romances; we read, and, as we go on, we marvel at the folly of other writers, who did not perceive in that century of national incidents; the materials for many fictions, or for history not unworthy the muse presiding over truth. The third series is not so interesting, inasmuch as the incidents which it relates are well known—the rebellions of the "fifteen" and the "fortyfive" are familiar to us, not only through history and tradition, but the latter—the romantic one—has been laid before us with all the spirit in which it happened, in the magnificent novel of "Waverley." Nor is the first series much inferior to the second: the early fortunes of Scotland—particularly under Wallace and Bruce—are related with equal accuracy and spirit. Though all done from memory, he has

wrote is much less to my taste; all the life which warms and animates the familiar one is wanting; it is cold, formal—without ease and without dignity. The crushing hand of misfortune was on him at the time, and he seems to have composed it under the dread of some impending calamity. It is true, that it is correct, full of knowledge, and touched every where with that kind and generous spirit, which, in him, was ever active as well as speculative. He feels as a son of the soil, for the dishonor that was done us by the tyranny of the first Edward, and he rejoices as all true Scotsmen do—aye and true Englishmen also—in the glorious redemption achieved by Wallace and by Bruce. In all this, and much more, Scott is not wanting; still, it is hardly worthy of him, and cannot be numbered among the productions destined to delight posterity.

The genius of Scott was too excursive to be limited to the exact bounds of history: his language was lively and picturesque, and his inventive powers readily found illustration for the most barren periods; but he wanted the steady and uniform dignity of our latter history, and seemed to possess the spirit of the old chroniclers, who painted all to the eye, and left the mind to shift for itself. He has much of the readiness and poetic perception of Froissart, and more than rivalled that great light of the days of Edward the Third, in the brightness of his descriptions; but his remarks want the philosophic depth of Hume; they are always lively, seldom profound: he saw all he wrote; his fancy was vivid and pictorial—he was the Rubens of literature.

All this, and more, was visible in the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," a work which, under the banner of biography, assumes the aspect and performs the functions of history. It is altogether a marvellous book: the narrative is vigorous, picturesque and flowing: the varied fortunes of the wondrous man, are followed from the cradle to the grave, and we see him a solitary boy under the trees of the school of Brienne, reading Tasso, or tracing with his finger the lines of siege or battle: he is next presented to us a penniless cadet in the regiment of La Fère, with his thoughts more on literature than war: the scene shifts, and he is busied laying down his profound but simple lines of attack on Toulon, amid the wondering representatives of the people, to whom all is a mystery, till the signal is given and the city falls. We see him not

again, but as a wanderer, wishing to enter the army of the Turks, or eating a chance morsel with Talma, till the sections of Paris rise on the convention, and he is called, in the moment of peril and dismay, to waive his hand and restore order. His march from school to high command is vividly painted; nor is his march from Paris to Rome, and from thence to Germany, overturning armies and thrones as he goes, less historic and masterly: in fact, the heart of the writer (and of the reader too) accompanies the all but beardless conqueror, and sympathizes with all he does; even his daring invasion of Egypt, his scientific manoeuvres, which sweep away as grass with the scythe the magnificent cavalry of the Mamelukes—the turning of his face towards India, and when repulsed, towards France, where men scarcely inferior to himself were preparing his footstool—all enlist our heart or our fancy. Nay, we even aid him in pulling the attorneys out of their seats, and watch with deep interest what he is about to do with the sword or the pen; nor do we hesitate to say, that we are among those who lose not the image of Napoleon in the dust of the consulship, but hope on, and will not persuade ourselves that the hero of so many pitched battles is to ascend the throne of a despot.

We awake from our dream at last: the hero of many hopes "the likeness of a kingly crown has on;" marshals stand around him; he has divorced the wife of his bosom, and married an hereditary princess by contract; he marches east, west, north and south, and victory is with him; but we no longer rejoice in his fame or clap our hands at his triumphs; he has become the oppressor of nations, and our hearts turn against him; nor do we sympathize any more in his fortunes, till crushed by a combination of kingdoms, he is driven into exile, and returning from his work in despair, gathers around him the comrades of a hundred battles—some of whom he had placed on thrones—and is vanquished in the death struggle at Waterloo; a battle fought in favor of hereditary right, and fought as France has lately shown us, in vain.

The narrative of Scott was written when national animosity was unsubided, our wounds green, our daughters mourning, and the blood of battle on our swords. The author, too, was an ardent lover of his country, and of the order of things which the genius of Napoleon sought to abolish; he was a maintainer of old birth-right, and an admirer of the far descended; he of whom he wrote, sought to establish the reign of genius; it was his object to bring all the natural talent of the land into action, and he would have succeeded, had he not attempted it by arbitrary means. Yet, with all this difference of education and feeling, Scott is not unjust to the merits of Napoleon: the estimate of his character, in the main, and it will be long before we give us a more lively and accurate account of that terrible and all but invincible warrior.

Of the historical powers of WILLIAM ROSCOE, critics have spoken sternly as well as kindly. Among the former was Gifford. "The History of Lorenzo de Medici," he says, was overrated at its first appearance, but well merits a place in our libraries. What with its classic appearance and valuable information, its English and Italian, its verse and prose, its uniform composure and not rare affectation, its frontispieces and vignettes, its splendor of type and expanse of margin, it may, perhaps, be characterized, as exhibiting somewhat like that union of neatness, pretension, and cheerlessness, which belongs to the modern idea of a cold collation. The second great attempt of our author on Italian history, proved by no means equally successful. Its faults were greater, its virtues less; and by a singular infelicity, though it discovered few tokens of spirit of genius. It could still less lay claim to the praise of correct composition. The historian also, somewhat unnecessarily, and without doubt, somewhat inauspiciously, embroiled himself, to a certain extent at least, with the Reformation—a circumstance, however, for which the subsequent discovery of his political tenets may possibly enable us to account; for the reformers of the sixteenth century are in no great favor, we suspect, with those of the eighteenth and nineteenth. Yet the positive delinquencies which deformed the 'History of Leo Tenth,' were protected from observation by the negative fault of dullness. It was screened from observation by clouds of its own raising; and the literary character of Mr Roscoe still continues to be estimated by his first best performance." The party spirit which speaks in this extract, was counteracted by the praise of the party to which the historian belonged: he that was trodden into dust by a Tory, as a dull writer, was raised and crowned one of the princes of literature by a Whig; truth was not the object of either. The *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* exhibited, on paper, the strife which disgraced the Whigs and Tories in Parliament; literature and the dignity of the country suffered by the indecent contest.

The merits of Roscoe as a historian, must be sought for in his works, and neither in the sayings of his friends nor of his enemies. He was one of the first who made us intimately acquainted with the taste and talent of Italy; be-

fore this, we looked upon Rome, and all who sat in the papal chair, with distrust, if not with fear; and we could scarcely persuade ourselves that the Priest king of the Vatican might be a person of lofty feelings and fine taste who loved mankind. It is true, that, to accomplished scholars and travelled men, Roscoe had not much to tell that was new; but he collected the scattered intelligence with a diligent hand, and wrought it into the historical form, in a very graceful and pleasing manner. The image that he gives us of the papal power during the brilliant days of the Medici, is a very characteristic one—and one, too, that will be long liked, though it were neither vigorous, nor of the epic order. His principal fault is want of original force of thought; he never surprises us with ideas either high or profound; his eye sees but a little way and loves the ground; he is ever equal, ever tranquil, and neither rises nor falls. He discusses merits of a medal in the same quiet, gentle way that he discourses of the awakening energies of the Reformation. The coming light of that great change is looked on with tranquillity, though it threw its rays into the dungeons of St Angelo, and deprived Leo of some of his fairest kingdoms. Nor is the language in which all this is expressed of a very original kind; it is harmonious and elegant, and seldom obscure; but it wants the fine free English tone—the natural ease and happy carelessness of one more solicitous about his sentiments than his words. It shows much taste, and but little nature—some classic refinement, with a good deal of labor. In short, his style is more remarkable for neatness than force—for being "Florentine and slender," rather than weighty and colossal.

The influence which Roscoe exercised was not confined to Liverpool. His name was carried over the world on the wings of history and philanthropy; the historian of Leo the Tenth was eloquent and zealous in the removal of that dark spot, the Slave Trade, from the otherwise white robe of Britain. He also sympathized deeply in the fortunes of the family of Burns, and upbraided Scotland, in a poem of considerable power, for her unkind conduct towards her most gifted son;—nay, so far did he carry this feeling, that he contemplated a new memoir of the poet, in which the ungenerous and ungentle behaviour of the northern nobles was to be emblazoned in the language of indignant anger. He wrote a small portion of the Memoir, and probably not much liking what he had done, abandoned the subject for ever. I have seen the little that he did, and cannot commend it. The style was labored and ornate. The poetical talents of Roscoe have been praised by no mean judges. His verses are very fair specimens of that kind of poetry, the excellence of which consists less in strength of wing, than in beauty of shape and lightness of movement. His song is flowing and melodious. He was one of the kindest and most generous of mankind; his house and his purse were open to all the children of genius; nor were they shut so long as fortune left the owner aught to bestow. He was of humble origin, and self-educated; nor were his studies confined to literature alone; he was an excellent judge of painting; the friend, and for some time the patron of Fuseli; in medals, likewise, he was a connoisseur, and extended his studies to all that was polite and elegant.

The life of SIR JOHN MALCOLM is as interesting as his histories; and they are learned, dramatic and eloquent. He went out when a boy to India, and soon became remarkable for his acquirements in native lore, and in the business of war and government; he rose in rank by seniority; but he was widely known, when only in the rank of lieutenant, for knowledge of all kinds, a ready and an agreeable way of communicating it, as well as for presence of mind and daring courage. He was ever ready either to study or to strike. Talents such as these soon carry the owner to distinction in India: he was widely employed in war and in negotiation, and acquitted himself in both in a manner that won him enemies as well as friends. During his marches and embassies he acquired such intimate knowledge of the manners, feelings, and character of the people of Hindostan and Persia, that he was enabled to write those histories, which will make him known to posterity. For success as a historian, he was much indebted to that spirit of observation and remark which accompanied him from his youth up. He was no sooner in India than he was struck with the traditions and customs of the natives, and reading in these the history of the people, he set about collecting them with unremitting assiduity. His practice was to carry a notebook with him, and pencil down the name of the person who related the story, the place where and the time when he heard it; and in this way he amassed sixty or seventy volumes of individual or national anecdote.

In his "History of Persia," he made a sensible use of materials of that nature; he thus pleads for the traditional marvels of his introductory chapters: "If we desire to be fully informed of a nation's history, we must not reject the fables under which the few traces of its origin are concealed. These, however extravagant, always merit attention. They have an

influence on the character of the people to whom they relate. They mix with their habits, their literature, and sometimes with their religion.—They become, in short, national legends, which it is sacrilege to doubt; and to question them would raise in the breast of a Persian all those feelings which would be excited in that of an Englishman, if he heard a foreigner detract from the great name of Alfred. Such heroes often rise in importance—as far as their example is of value—in proportion as their real history is lost in obscurity; they are adopted as models by the painters and poets of their country; every human virtue is ascribed to them; and men are taught their duty from fables decorated with names, which they have learned to venerate from their cradle, and the love of which is cherished with all the enthusiasm of national pride. The accuracy of these remarks must be evident to all who are acquainted with history; they apply to all nations; and the legends of Arthur and his knights in the south, and of Wallace and his companions in the north, cannot but recur to British readers.

This has given a chivalrous spirit and an original air to all the works of Malcolm; which render them so acceptable to all who desire to become acquainted with the fortunes of Persia or of Hindostan. He wrote many of his descriptions in the vales, or on the hills, where the battles were fought or negotiations concluded; and he visited in person all the remarkable places in Hindostan, of which his "History of Central India" required him to speak. Of the social nature and domestic habits of the people he speaks from observation. He relates many anecdotes of their warriors; quotes many verses of their poets; and he is pleased when he can give a pithy saying from the lips of their native princes. It is this which renders those histories among the most readable books of the language. Nor has he neglected the doctrines and ceremonies of religion; the mystic and poetic absurdities of the sect of Saafis—in short, all that he considered characteristic or national he has exhibited in his pages. In his "Persian Sketches" he has admitted much which he could not admit into his graver history—these consist chiefly of legends, ceremonies and scenes; they are all stamped with the impress of the East, and are worth ten thousand of those stories which it was once the practice to manufacture for home consumption, under the name of Eastern Tales. "The Political History" is less addressed to the general reader, and may be described as learned and liberal; it has often been referred to by men well acquainted with Eastern affairs.

The works of Sir John Malcolm are less the offspring of study than of observation; he has seen much, and he has told much. He had a quick eye and a ready understanding; a picturesque skill, and a spirit equally dramatic as historic. His language hovers between the elaborate and the natural, not wholly of the one nor of the other, and yet partaking of the character of both. His reasoning is generally correct, and his thoughts, though not profound, spring naturally out of the narrative, and are not stuck upon it for display. He has much of the sensibility as well as fancy of a poet, and some of the scenes in his history of both Persia and India, are almost fit for representation. In conversation he abounded in anecdote; his happy gaiety of nature and kindness of heart, made his company always acceptable: he could pass readily from the comic to the sad, and from the sad to the comic, and pause in the midst of hearty laughter, and give advice equally whole-some and serious.

A History of the Six Years' War, in which the cause of Europe was contested in the Spanish Peninsula, has been written, as I related, by Southey, with so much care, truth and talent, that nothing seemed left for a new adventurer, but to glean where the other had reaped, and tell the individual fortunes of peasant warriors, whose deeds had been overlooked. A history by a skilful soldier, who was intimate with the manœuvres and combinations of modern war; who had been present in the principal battles; was well acquainted with the far extended scene of strife, and who had associated with the leaders on both sides was not expected or hoped for, when such appeared from the pen of COLONEL NAPIER. Failure, instead of brilliant success, was presumed by many when the work was announced: the hard, rude outlines of the contest were alone expected from the pen of a soldier, with endless marches and counter-marches, and a full return of killed and wounded—with all the powder which had been burnt, and all the balls fired in the trench or in the field. Instead of this, one of the most remarkable books of modern times was the result. The style is concise, clear, and energetic; the narrative vehement and rapid; the looks and motions, and discipline of the contending armies are given as distinct as in a picture; the generals and leaders are exhibited as in life—here slow and undecided—there prompt and fiery, and all the varied fortunes of the fight from the moment the squadrons were precipitated into battle, till the victory is decided, are delineated with a burning energy, unknown to the calmer pages of ordinary historians. The historic picture which it exhibits, seems deficient in nothing; there are

stern, but there are also tender parts; he is a Briton, and a true one, but he is not unjust to the valor or the military skill of his antagonists; nor is his eye confined to the details of campaigns, and the vicissitudes of battle; he describes the social condition of the people, and paints their feelings and their manners, in a lively and forcible way.

The man and the soldier are stamped on every page; while it is quite certain that no one but a clear-sighted soldier could have penned such a work, it is equally sure that his heart is warm, and his sympathies alive. He does not look upon war as a wondrous development of science alone, in which the blood of thousands is spilled, to vindicate a mathematical manœuvre or support a scientific demonstration; men, he regards as something better than food for the cannon; and the earth is to him lovely, for its produce, and its woods and streams, rather than for affording capital soil for entrenchments, and fine plains for evolutions of cavalry. In the same train of feeling, he surveys the variety of skill which the war brought into action, and, like a true son of genius, decides in favor of the service which gives free room for talents to rise, in which the chief leaders have been called from all degrees and ranks of life. In this decision, he recognizes the great principle of nature, and condemns those distinctions which have grown up in the earth, usurping the high places on which nature intended that talent should stand. This boldness has given offence to many; for, no doubt, it strikes at the root of aristocratic influence, and proclaims the unwelcome truth, that God bestows genius without regard to the blind and artificial distinctions invented by man. It was impossible, however, if he reasoned at all, to come to any other conclusion: the Napoleon or the Soult—or, to speak more correctly, the Bernadotte or the Laanes of a British regiment would have risen by bravery and good conduct to the rank of sergeant, and stood there with the halbert in their hands, looking at the high born and the wealthy climbing—nay, rising on wings into command, who had not a tithe of their talents. All this could not be otherwise than disagreeable to a man who seeks distinction from genius alone, and who feels, that under the shade of the old aristocracy, Napoleon could never have risen higher than a colonel of artillery.

He has likewise, it seems, given offence to the people of Spain. This could not well be otherwise: he speaks too frankly and boldly, not to give pain to many. It is not a pleasant thing for a Spaniard to be told, that, unable to fight the battle of his own independence, he was obliged to seek others to fight it for him; and to a bigoted catholic, deliverance by the sword of a heretic, could not be acceptable, word the deed as gently as the historian might. Nor was it much to the delight of the warriors of Britain, when, after repulsing the French from the peninsula, they embarked for their native land, to hear wafted by the winds which filled their sails, the voice of general thanksgiving for the blessed departure of the heretics. In fact, the task that the historian imposed on himself, was the vindication of his fellow soldiers from the aspersions of Spanish writers, "who have," he says, "boldly asserted, and the world has believed, that the deliverance of the Peninsula was the work of their hands. From the moment that an English force took the field, the Spaniards ceased to act as principals, in a contest carried on in the heart of their country, and involving their existence as an independent nation; they were self-sufficient, and their pride was wounded by insult: they were superstitious, and their religious feelings were roused to fury by an all-powerful clergy, who feared to lose their rich endowments." In short, they cannot be said to have entered heartily into the scheme of their own deliverance; they hated both the French and the English—they destroyed the former whenever they could do so safely; and they injured for a long while the latter, by the promises of supplies and co-operations, which were not forthcoming in the hour of trial. The soldiers of England brought home with them a hearty hatred of the Spaniards, from the war of the peninsula, and Napier writes strongly from strong impressions. He has, perhaps, expressed this a little too impetuously; but he has every where spoken like a free and honest soldier, and produced a work which, for vivid beauty of narrative, may vie, I have heard good judges say, with Caesar or Tacitus.

The "State of Europe during the Middle Ages," and the "Constitutional History of England," are works by which the name of HENRY HALLAM will be known to posterity. Of the former, it has been said, that the plan is more extensive than that laid down by Dr Robertson, its arrangement more strictly historical, its views more comprehensive, and its information more copious and critical; and of the latter, it is remarked, that no work of these our latter days can equal it for strict impartiality; that it is eminently judicial; that its whole spirit is of the bench, not of the bar; and that he states the case with candor, and, in summing up, looks neither to the right nor to the left—glossing over nothing, nor exaggerating nothing. This is high praise. That he has executed his de-

signs with learning and ability, seems admitted by all who are masters of the matter of which he treats; and though his style is charged with being occasionally harsh or obscure, it is felt to be massive and vigorous, and not without a certain grave and impressive eloquence; while a spirit of freedom and liberality is breathed over the whole performance.

The "State of Europe during the Middle Ages," is full of information for all who desire to be informed of the political and social condition of those kingdoms and states which arose out of the ruins and ashes of the empire of Rome. To show order emerging from confusion, the decisions of law taking the place of those of passion and violence, and a line of defence raised to protect the weak and the peaceable against the strong and tyrannous, was the task which Hallam assigned to himself, and he has accomplished all he undertook. "The Constitutional History of England" seems a less necessary work; to separate the ingredients of a nation's history, that an author may show his skill in the distribution, and be enabled to serve us up constitutional martial, and domestic courses of our history, is a questionable and questionable taste. It is like writing the history of the left hand, and neglecting that of the right; our achievements in establishing our present constitution, are interwoven too closely with the broad web of our whole history, to be separated advantageously. The dawn of liberty in Scotland is mingled with the light of burning towns, and is part of that supernatural radiance which Bruce saw when he returned from exile to assert the independence of his country. Its fuller light shone on the ranks of the Roundheads when, inspired by liberty, they overthrew Charles and his chivalry. In truth, constitutional freedom and deeds of daring, both in the cabinet and in the field, go hand in hand; and to give us the constitutional portion, is to tear history asunder, and present us with one of the bleeding members. We have not yet obtained a right history of Britain—a history addressed both to the eye and to the understanding; one gives us a historical romance, another a philosophical disquisition, while a third looks on all through the contracted aperture of religious bigotry. I know not that Henry Hallam is equal to such an undertaking, but no one could approach it with a better spirit or more extensive learning.

In placing ISAAC D'ISRAELI among historians, I know not that I am right; he is, however, a great writer of some kind, and all his productions are of a historic character. He is one of the most learned, intelligent, lively, and agreeable authors of our era: he has composed a series of works, which, while they shed abundance of light on the character and condition of literary men, show us the state of genius in this land, have all the attractions for general readers of the best romances. He has a quick eye for finding rich materials in barren places; he will detect an anecdote which gives the key to some mysterious matter in literature, in the crumpled corner of a mildewed parchment; or, from a pencil note on the margin of some forgotten book, supply the world with matter for a month's talk, on the folly or the wisdom of men of genius.—No one need think of writing the lives of our historians and poets, without borrowing light from his pages; and whoever continues Warton, will find that D'Israeli has prepared the way.—His "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First," exhibit all the research, the learning, and sometimes more than the animation of his earlier works. That he has executed this very difficult task in the spirit of philosophy and candor, has been questioned by some, and, indeed, it could not well be otherwise. There are men in our land, who never look on Charles otherwise than as an odious and perjured tyrant, and on those who shed his blood as the upright and the pure. The Presbyterians of his time seem to have had the truest notion of things; they did not desire to destroy, nor even dethrone Charles; their object was to establish a constitution restraining both king and people within the bounds of moderation and justice; but this suited neither the Cavaliers nor the Independents. I see it intimated, that D'Israeli has the history of British literature in contemplation; he cannot do a more acceptable service to the republic of letters, than write it.

[Concluded at page 201.]

The Virginia papers mention the ravages of what they call a "young tornado," which passed through Nansemond county on the 4th inst., and if half they say be true of this whirlwind, it was one of the most mischievous urchins of its age upon record. It prostrated almost every thing in its way.

An extract of a letter published in the Charleston Mercury, from Mr McDuffie, dated High Hills, Sumpter district, S. C., states the health of that gentleman to be considerably improved. Should his complaint continue, Mr McDuffie intends making a visit to Europe.

The Legislature of Alabama, at its last session, passed an act incorporating a Manual Labor institute, with the power to confer degrees. The Trustees have selected a site, three miles west of Marico, Perry County.

General Intelligence.

GILPINIANA.—On Wednesday, as a young gentleman was taking an equestrian airing out of town, his horse took fright and ran at full speed towards the city. He had sped some two miles, when near the house of refuge, he passed a gentleman and his daughter, also on horseback. The young lady's steed caught the enthusiasm, and joined the race. The father, alarmed for his child, applied the whip, but was soon left quite behind,—the steeds which ran of choice, leaving the ground behind much faster than he who ran by compulsion. It was not long after the general race commenced, before the young gentleman was landed in the ditch, leaving the young lady mistress of the course. Her horse having distanced competition, ran down Broad way against time, the beautiful rider shrieking all the way with alarm, but maintaining her seat. Somewhere near the dock she fell, and the tilt terminated without material injury to any one. —N. Y. Jour. of Com.

DEATH OF LAFAYETTE.—The first item of intelligence that attracted our attention, and before the tidings of the fact had reached us by rumor, was the death of the last surviving general of the glorious army of the American revolution—the immortal LAFAYETTE! The accounts of his indisposition reaching us from time to time for several weeks past, together with his great age, had indeed prepared us for this event. Still it will carry sadness to every American heart. He died on the 20th of May. His funeral was to be celebrated on the 23d ultimo. The papers of the 21st—the day after his decease—were chiefly filled with remarks and particulars relative to his death. With two exceptions only—and those the two remaining advocates of the fallen cause of legitimacy—the French papers unite in bearing testimony to the eminent political qualities and private virtues of the departed patriot.

The death of general Lafayette is one of those events which cannot take place without striking home to a nation's heart with that force of mighty sadness which is remembered once and forever. No corner of the earth but will be affected by the tidings. Filling the highest and the proudest station in public opinion, that was perhaps ever occupied by a mortal—inseparably associated with the birth and progress of the grand events which have placed this age in an unapproachable advance of every other, and which have given a new tone to the political aspect of the world,—the death of the purest and most consistent republican of his time—will startle with the contrast of their own degeneracy the profligate anarchists of France, and the tottering idols of exploded despotism will exult in the removal for ever from the scene of life, of the incorruptible patriot—the sway of whose holy principles made them shake and tremble on their lofty thrones.

And America! how will the voice of universal sadness ring from her thousand hills, now that the last of the memorable men who guided her arm in the dark hour of her revolutionary struggle, is no more! The friend of her Washington—the last link that bound his living memory with her present greatness—the first in her affections—the first in her gratitude—whose memory will live last in her remembrance. Lafayette! thou great and good! the time will never come when the recollection of thy virtues and thy services will be effaced from the heart of the country of thy adoption, and to which thy exertions so greatly contributed to give rank among the nations of the earth.

This is not the time, and not the place, to give that view of Lafayette's character to which it is entitled. What vicissitudes of political life have been his! He commenced his career when the light of the most dazzling period of the lofty monarchy of France was still bright upon the land. Actuated by the impulse of his generous enthusiasm, he enlisted his energies in that infant cause of liberty which attained a vigorous manhood in America and stretching across the wide Atlantic, soon grew to a giant's might in his native land.—"The royal ship of France went down." The feudal rule of a thousand years was supplanted by the genius of revolution, which, drunk with license, and mad with new found power, stalked on from desolation to desolation—subverting all, controlling all, destroying all,—until mankind grew

sick with horror, and turned frightened from the sight.

But Lafayette had no part with its blood, its terrors or its crime—his voice was heard above the storm—the pure serenity of his principles prevailed at last, and for a moment France seemed to have been settled into the grandeur and dignity of regulated freedom. Then came the iron sway of a sterner but more imposing despotism. Napoleon went on from conquest to conquest—gathering glory from successive victories—and, concentrating the nation's energy with his own fame and power, till the bubble burst, and fell, crushed beneath the massive weight of the edifice he had created.

Lafayette never bowed down to the splendid idol. When the world went with adoration, aloof and in retirement, the republican general, unawed, unflattered, and unimpaired, preserved his consistency and his principles. The Bourbons, supported by the bayonets of the holy alliance, returned to the

patriot of 1787 was true to himself in 1814. He had no common cause with men whose promises were faithless—whose presence was an incubus on the land. And in the hundred days, still faithful to the guiding principles of his life, he distrusted the suspicious love for constitutions, when found in the despot muster of the confederation of the Rhine. When the dynasty of Napoleon was crushed by the arm of England never to rise, on the plains of Waterloo—the unseduced pureness, and far reaching wisdom of Lafayette saved the nation from the tremendous horrors of a protracted struggle which the defeated and desperate monarch could have created. For fifteen years, the chafed and uneasy nation again endured the Bourbon sway. Lafayette throughout, distrusted them—and when, with madness weak as it was wicked, they attempted in 1829 to wield the sceptre of Louis the Fourteenth—and they fell, in an instant, beneath the fearful reaction they had created. The all powerful character and spotless integrity of Lafayette was interposed to save the nation. All France was in his hands. With the ease of instant determination, he might have stepped into the vacant throne—but he preferred the greatness of saving his country to the glory of ruling it. His conduct then, completed his renown, and gained him a distinction of pure and unadulterated fame which no public character ever before attained. From that time he has remained the idol of his country and the wonder of the world—the man whose character and whose consistency alone preserved the nation. Acknowledged by all to be the man who held the jarring destinies of Europe and of the earth in his hand—acknowledged by all, and proved, by events, to have been the only man existing who could not abuse his trust, who could not be tempted by his own situation. Such, in a few words, was Lafayette—the morning star of one revolution, and the guiding light of another—he lived to see his principles triumphant and his glory complete—by saving his country at the most tremendous crisis of its whole history—and has gone down to the grave with an honor, a celebrity, and purity of reputation rarely if ever before attained by any public character.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

ATTEMPT TO ROB THE MAIL.—An attempt was made on Tuesday night, the 10th inst. to rob the great U. S. Mail, near Erie, Pa. upon the arrival of the stage at that place, it was discovered that the straps and fastenings of the boot had been cut, and two trunks lost; but the great mail bag was safe. One of the trunks was found at six or seven miles distance from Erie. The other, belonging to a lady, and containing nothing but her clothes, was not found. No doubt that the mail was the object of the robbers.

EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Accounts were received at Rio Hacha on the 29th ult., that the city of Santa Martha had been visited by a severe earthquake on the 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th ult., which destroyed the principal edifices and materially injured the whole city.

A German emigrant and family, on their way to the Ohio, were on Saturday night robbed on board the steam boat Victory, bound to Albany, of their trunk, containing four hundred and fifty dollars in specie, being all the property they possessed.

Mr J. Cox, late Am. Con. at Vera Cruz, is stated to have died near Mexico.

LITERARY INQUIRER, AND Repertory of Literature & General Intelligence.

BUFFALO, JUNE 25, 1834.

PROSPECTUS of the THIRD VOLUME of the LITERARY INQUIRER, AND REPERTORY OF LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, which will be commenced on or about the second Wednesday in July of the present year, and be distinguished by such important and valuable improvements and so large an increase in the quantity of reading matter, (without any advance in price,) as to render it one of the best and cheapest periodicals in the United States.

This journal, which was commenced on the first of January, 1832, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, is devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Essays, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Literary Notices, Poetry, and a sheet of the same size as the New York Mirror, and, like that journal, each page of the third volume will have three wide and well filled columns: it will be printed on paper of fine quality, and with nearly new type, in quarto form, making in the year two volumes of twenty-six numbers, or two hundred and eight large pages.—Each volume will have a handsome title page and copious index.

The proprietor of the Literary Inquirer gratefully announces the encouraging fact, that the number of subscribers has so rapidly increased within the last few months, as to leave of an edition of more than a thousand copies scarcely fifty complete sets of the back numbers. Indeed, since the termination of the First Volume, the number of our subscribers has been nearly doubled. Desirous of doing every thing in our power to evince our gratitude for this signal and unexpected success, we are induced to propose some alterations in our original plan, which can not fail to give great and very general satisfaction. Among the contemplated improvements of our succeeding volumes, are the TOTAL EXCLUSION OF ADVERTISEMENTS—the substitution of THREE WIDE COLUMNS for the four narrow ones at present used—and the division of every year's numbers into two VOLUMES, each containing two hundred and eight large quarto pages. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that those who prefer doing so, can have two or more volumes bound in one; so that, while to new subscribers the proposed arrangement will be important, it need not increase a single cent the expense of our old ones.

When we commenced the second volume, it was our intention to devote about two pages and a half to advertisements, from which we expected to derive a yearly income of from three to five hundred dollars, in addition to the saving arising from the reduced quantity of new matter that we should have weekly to furnish. Hence subscribers will perceive the absolute necessity of complying with our request to pay in advance, that we may be enabled to meet our large and greatly increased weekly expenditure. It is universally acknowledged, that, even at present, the Literary Inquirer is one of the best and cheapest papers published in Western New York; and when the contemplated improvements are made and advertisements excluded, it will, we think, bear a comparison with the oldest and most approved periodicals in the country.

Of the third volume, to be commenced in July next, the first five pages of each number will constitute the Literary Department, including original and selected articles of an instructive and entertaining nature. The sixth and seventh pages will be devoted to General Intelligence, under which head will be furnished brief and interesting reports of the operations of benevolent societies, literary institutions, &c.; concise accounts of the more important proceedings of our national and state legislatures, with occasional extracts from public documents and speeches of extraordinary interest; a summary of the latest and most important news—domestic and foreign; marriages, deaths, &c. The last page will be chiefly occupied with original and selected poetry, but will occasionally contain scientific intelligence, humorous sketches, &c.

Some time since the editor offered a premium of Fifty Dollars for the best Original Tale that

should be written for this paper; Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Poem; and Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Biography of some eminent character. The contributions sent in competition for these premiums have been all submitted to the committee, and should the premiums be awarded in season, we propose publishing the PRIZE ARTICLES in the first number of our third volume.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—No subscription received for less than a complete volume, which will be published in six months, and consist of twenty-six super royal quarto numbers of eight pages each. The price will be for one year (two volumes), \$2.00 payable within one month from the time of subscribing; or \$2.50 within six months; or \$3.00 within the year. Six months (one volume), \$1.25 payable within one month from the time of subscribing; or \$1.25 at any time within the six months. When the proprietor has to employ a collector, an additional *Fifty Cents* will be invariably charged.

PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—Any person obtaining four half-yearly subscribers to this paper, and remitting, at the proprietor's risk and expense, five dollars to the office of publication, shall receive a copy of the Third Volume for his trouble; and any person obtaining five annual subscribers, and forwarding Ten Dollars, in advance, shall receive for his trouble a copy of the Third and Fourth Volumes. New subscribers, who wish it, can be supplied with the First and Second Volumes.

Orders and communications must be addressed (postage free) to the proprietor,

W. VERRINDER,
177, Main street, Buffalo.

June 25, 1834.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—It affords us much pleasure to receive from all quarters so many kind and encouraging communications, not only approving of our past efforts to minister to the instruction and amusement of our numerous readers, but highly commending the alteration so soon to be made in the mechanical department of our paper. We have already been favored with considerable additions to the number of our patrons, of whom a good proportion have paid their subscriptions in advance. Having still on hand a few copies of the first and Second Volumes of our paper, and not intending hereafter to print a larger impression than will supply the probable demand, we are induced to make the following liberal offers to those who will exert themselves to procure new subscribers:

A copy of the First or Second Volume of the Literary Inquirer will be given to any person obtaining three responsible annual subscribers, or remitting, at our expense, payment in advance; or a copy of both Volumes, with a similar condition, will be given for five annual subscribers. Those who wish to secure either of the above premiums, must forward the names of new subscribers during the ensuing month.

The BUFFALO WHIG made its first appearance on Wednesday last. It is neatly printed and well got up. R. W. HASKINS, esq., the editor and proprietor, is already favorably known as one of the former conductors of the Buffalo Journal. It is, therefore, unnecessary to do more than merely announce the commencement of his present publication. With the political views and opinions of this new weekly, and which are sufficiently indicated by the name it bears, we of course have nothing to do: but we are glad to find, in the number before us, several columns devoted to the interests of literature and science; and we believe the editor will regularly furnish a fair proportion of good reading matter, both original and selected. The following graphic sketch of "the growth, prospects and peculiar advantages of our infant, rising city," which is taken from one of the leading editorial articles of the first number, will be duly appreciated by all who feel an interest in the prosperity of this "City of the Lakes." We hope to be enabled to transfer to our own pages many of the scientific and literary gems, with which, we doubt not, the editor of the Whig will enrich the columns of that journal.

"Who, that knew Buffalo the rude hamlet it so recently was—its scattered habitations, its solitary streets, its almost stagnant stream, too

shallow for commerce, with shores fringed with rank grass and intertangled wild wood: that subsequently saw its gradual approach to the character of a sea port—the stream deepened to a harbor, and its surface broken by the rush of one solitary Steam Boat, departing and returning at long but uncertain intervals, or the dwarf schooner, creeping warily in, in search of that employment it could scarcely hope to find:—who, we say, that has witnessed all this—and recollects how recently this picture was true to life—can compare it with the present, and then presume to foretell the future destiny of our city of the west? Contrasted with these small beginnings, we have now a population of more than thirteen thousand souls; a spacious harbor, communicating with fifteen hundred miles of western navigable waters, upon which already ply near forty steam-boats and one hundred schooners: our filled ware-houses, thronged docks, crowded harbor; the bustle of constant arrivals and departures—all, all form a scene upon which 'the full eye of the enthusiast may revel,' without ever, in his day-dreams, venturing to that point of greatness Buffalo is one day destined to reach.

"The shores of our western waters are yet covered with giant forests, broken only here and there by the insulated efforts of some solitary settler.—Emigrants, by thousands, rushing to people this wilderness; and not a tree is felled, or a habitation reared in all that extended realm, but will result in adding to the value of our property, and the employment of our inhabitants. Thus blessed and thus protected, our people know not the littleness that wrangles with rival sites for wealth or greatness. Secure in all we ought to ask, we rejoice at the enterprise and success of those who labor to create new channels of wealth, and to rear additional cities and towns. Let art combine its efforts with nature, and much may be accomplished. Our city is new; the surrounding country, the great west, is new—vast are the advantages yet unimproved, and the openings for skill and talent to command respect, and confer lasting blessings upon our race. In such a field we hope to render our labors both acceptable and useful."

The Buffalo Whig, we must not omit to remark, is printed in a superior manner and on good paper, by C. F. Butler & John S. Day.

The BUFFALO BULLETIN, enlarged to the size of the Albany Argus, and greatly improved in its style and execution, made its appearance on Saturday last. The editorial department is ably sustained by MASON BRAYMAN, esq., and the mechanical part reflects great credit on JAMES FAXON & Co., the enterprising proprietors. We have transferred to our present number a poem, written, we believe, by the editor himself, with whose literary and poetical effusions we shall occasionally grace our columns. From a very flattering notice of the Literary Inquirer, of which the editor remarks, that "but few periodicals have, in so short a time, been so widely circulated and so generally approved," we make the following brief extract.—

"But twenty years since, a literary periodical, so far from the latitude of civilized society as Buffalo then was, would have been a wonder indeed, for the novel association of refined ideas with the incidents of wild life—of poetry and romance, mingled with the lore of the Indian, and fireside wonders of the hunter's tale, and the enlivening jittle *ondits* on the last page of a pretty sheet, matched by the adventures of a day. Such an attempt would have made the author worthy a straight jacket, and his premature production, like many other blooming flowers from the 'Fatherland' would have been doomed

"To blush unseen,
'And waste its sweetness on the desert air,'
but now, not only here, but hundreds of miles onward, the march of literature and improvement is advancing with unceasing rapidity. Periodicals are every where springing up, and the 'interminable west' is already a part of the world of letters."

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF LAFAYETTE.—In a preceding column will be found an account of the "demise of the great and good LAFAYETTE," which we have extracted from the New York Commercial Advertiser. From the same print we learn, that immediately on the receipt of the

Poetry.

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY:

IN THREE CASTOS.

1st Slavery.

I saw the burning tear
Run down her dark brown cheek;
It told of woe and care—
Her tongue refused to speak.

I heard the stifled sigh
Burst from her throbbing breast—
To heaven she raised her eye,
As there her only rest.

Ah! why these tears and sighs!
Ah! why this bitter grief?
"My babe! my babe!" she cries,
"O, stranger bring relief!"

"They tore him rude away,
"As pillow'd on my breast,"
"I, at the close of day,
"Had hush'd him there to rest.

"I saw the clanking chains
"My husband's limbs secure;
"I saw the purple stains
"On his dear, dear face appear.

"I saw the tear of woe
"Gather in his dark eye;
"I heard the lashes' blow
"Extort the parting sigh."

"O, God!" she frantic cries,
"The sword of justice take;
"And bending from the skies,
"Did sympathize awake.

"O! let a mother's prayer
"A God of Justice move;
"She asks a refuge where
"He dwells himself—above."

Zion's Advocate.

2nd Slavery.

God gave to Africa's sons,
A brow of sable dye,
And spread the country of their birth
Beneath a burning sky;
And with a cheek of olive, made
The little Hindoo child;
And darkly stain'd the forest tribes,
That roam our Western wild.

To me he gave a form
Of fairer, whiter clay;
But am I, therefore, in his sight,
Respected more than they?
No. 'Tis the hue of deeds and thoughts,
He traces in his Book—
'Tis the complexion of the heart,
Oh which he deigns to look.

Not by the tinted cheek
That fades away so fast,
But by the color of the soul
We shall be judged at last.
And God, the Judge, will look at me
With anger in his eyes,
If I, my brother's darker brow
Should ever dare despise.

L. H. S.

3rd Slavery.

THE LITTLE FACTORY GIRL'S COMPLAINT,

To a more fortunate playmate.

I often think how once we used
In summer fields to play,
And run about and breathe the air
That made us glad and gay;
We used to gather butter-cups,
And chase the butterfly;
I lov'd to feel the light breeze lift
My hair, as it went by.

Do you still play in those bright fields?
And are the flowers still there?
There are no fields where I live now,
No flowers any where.
But day by day I go and turn
A dull and tedious wheel;
You cannot think how sad and tired
And faint I often feel.

I hurry home to snatch the meal
My mother can supply,
Then back I hasten to the task,
That not to hate I try.
At night my mother kisses me,
When she has comb'd my hair,
And laid me in my little bed,
But I'm not happy there.

I dream about the factory,
The fines that on us wait—
I start and ask my father if
I have not lain too late?
And once I heard my father say,
"Oh, better were a grave,
Than such a life as this for thee,
Thou little sinless slave!"

I wonder if I ever shall
Obtain a holiday;
Oh, if I do, I'll go to you,
And spend it all in play;
And then I'll bring some flowers home,
If you will give me some,
And at my work I'll think of them,
And holidays to come.

HOME.

I dreamed of home last night,
And that I was a happy boy again—
I saw the low, white cottage of my youth,
And its blue smoke rise o'er its sheltering woods.
I heard my mother singing at the door
Some old familiar song of other days—
And thought I knelt at our clear, bubbling brook,
And slaked this burning thirst.

M. Lellan.

LOVE.

The blossom of Spring's antime birth
To the flinging storm is given;
Love is a flower that buds on earth,
But it only blooms in Heaven.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WEST INDIES.

To the Editor of the Journal of Belles Lettres.

LETTER VII.

Frederickstad, in Santa Cruz, March 23, 1834.

The distance from St Thomas to Santa Cruz is but forty miles, and the two islands are of course distinctly seen from each other. We embarked at St Thomas in the evening, and were in Frederickstad to breakfast. The approach to Santa Cruz is charming; the shore is gently undulated, and beyond rises into hills without being mountainous; and the town, though small, is extremely neat, and lies on the margin of the ocean, shaded by cocoa nut and tamarind trees.

Towards evening we took a promenade on the beach, in a northern direction; but we had not gone far, alternately admiring the sea and land, when our attention was suddenly arrested by a ghastly exhibition. It consisted of four negro heads and as many hands, nailed upon stakes between the sea and the high road. You cannot pass either way without seeing these mortal remains, which a tropical sun and the birds of prey have rendered horribly disgusting. These deluded men were executed within the past month, not for an organised insurrection, but for having burned some valuable property of their master in order to revenge themselves on the overseer.

March 27.—Breakfasted at the residence of Capt. S., where we were most kindly received. The native fruits of the West Indies grow with great luxuriance on this island, and our host showed us his orchard of shad-docks, oranges and grape fruit, which seemed for a moment to realise the visions of fairy land. The grape fruit, though little known in the United States, is much esteemed here, and obtains its name from its flavor, which resembles that of the grape. When fully grown, it is the size and shape of an ostrich's egg, of a pale yellow color, and smooth on the surface.

Capt. S. also showed a white slave—a female child of nine or ten years of age, with long flaxen hair, good features, and a complexion that some ladies might envy. But she is still a slave; nor are such examples infrequent in the West Indies; for I have repeatedly seen adults whom I took for white men until I was assured to the contrary.

Well may Santa Cruz be called the "Garden of the West Indies," for no one of the islands surpasses it in the luxuriant growth of vegetable nature. Though much smaller than Barbadoes, its sugar crops have often equaled those of that island; its fruits are finer and its plantations much more tastefully arranged. No estate in Santa Cruz embraces more or less than 150 acres, as regulated by law. The buildings on these estates look like so many villages, the mansion of the planter rising conspicuous above the numerous negro houses which surround it. The dwellings of the slaves, however, are generally extremely comfortable; and this class of people appears to be in almost every sense of the word well cared for. Hence they have rarely shown any attempt at insubordination.

Although Santa Cruz belongs to the Danes, it is chiefly inhabited by English planters and merchants, and consequently here, as at St Thomas, the English language takes precedence. The style of living also resembles that of good families in England: they dine late and live luxuriously, and their hospitality is probably no where surpassed.

March 28.—Went with a small party in gigs to Christiaustad, or Bass-end; this town is much larger than Frederickstad, and is said to contain 5000 inhabitants. It is more over the governor's residence. The distance between the two towns is about fifteen miles over the finest road I ever saw, shaded for a great part of the distance by magnificent cabbage trees. The roads all over the island are equally as good as this; for the law compels every planter to keep in order so much of the road as passes through his estate. If any objection can be made to these roads it is their whiteness; being made of a light colored lime stone, the reflection during the heat of the day is almost intolerable, and can only be mitigated by the use of a pair of green spectacles, which a stranger should bring with him, for they cannot be had here. On arriving at Santa Cruz I found that three things were necessary to comfort: plenty of money, a passport, and a pair of green spectacles. The first item needs no explanation, and the last is already understood; nor is the passport a trivial consideration. With it you may pass from one

Danish island to another almost free of expense; but without it the government makes you pay ten dollars before they will permit you to leave the island; and this exorbitant tax is levied every time you may have occasion to change your location, however temporary the change may be. A passport from the secretary of state at Washington costs nothing, and saves much useless expenditure and galling imposition.

LETTER VIII.

Santa Cruz, April 4, 1834.

O slavery, thou moral pest! how long will thy Lethal foliage continue to overshadow and darken these islands of the sun! When thy branches are lopped on one side, they forthwith spring up on the other; and if humanity would lay the axe at thy root, she shrinks back appalled at the leviathan growth of three centuries.

But the axe has been laid at the root of the tree, and on the 1st of August of the present year slavery will no longer exist in the British islands. I have called it an act of gigantic benevolence. It is the triumph of christianity and civilization over household despotism.

Yet any man who is acquainted with the negro constitution within the tropics, may reasonably fear the consequences of this simultaneous and unconditional liberation of an entire people, uneducated, and debased by habitual servitude. The idle and the dissolute form the chief curse of every community, and they abound most among uncultivated minds. Those persons are extremely unreasonable who expect the negroes forthwith to put on industrious habits, to lead virtuous lives, and to conform to the usages of civilised society. The negro, within the tropics, is indolent by nature; Providence has made him so—nor will he work in the fields as heretofore, under a meridian sun, for any compensation the planter can afford to give him. He was never designed for long continued and laborious exertion, nor have we any more right to expect it than to exact it. That the crops will fall far short of what they have hitherto been there can be no doubt; and if the English islands yield half crops, all reasonable expectation will be realised. Some will say that the deficiency will mainly affect the planter; but it must be recollected that the planter owns the soil, and if he is impoverished the negro will largely share the calamity.

Again, if a planter has to hire a certain number of negroes to get in his crop, he will of course seek out the most athletic among them. The lame, the blind, the sick, the old, the infantile, whom he is now compelled to maintain, will, in the new order of things, be placed without the pale of his responsibility, and their means of subsistence must be precarious indeed. Idleness begets want, and want leads to crime.

Such appear to be the sentiments of all the intelligent creoles* with whom I conversed on this subject. A vast number of them gladly give up their slaves for the compensation offered them by the British government, because they know that they themselves will be the pecuniary gainers; and many of them rejoice in emancipation upon principle, their feelings being as repugnant to slavery as our own. But they very rationally believe that the welfare of all parties would have been enhanced had the liberation been gradual, embracing, in the first place, all children born after a certain date, and then prospectively emancipating certain classes or ages at stated periods, giving them at the same time, as far as circumstances will allow, the benefit of education.

The people of France seem disposed to follow England in this act, yet they wisely wait to see what effects the experiment will produce in the British colonies. The Danes appear also to be prepared for the emancipation of their slaves at no distant period; but I am almost certain that the Spaniards will never join the coalition. Their prejudices in favor of slavery are deep rooted, and seemingly unchangeable. I verily believe that any attempt on the part of Spain to enforce such a decree on her colonies would drive the latter into open rebellion, and sever their union for ever. If slavery is ever abolished in Cuba it will be by purchase or by force. Who will pay the money, or who attempt the coercion? Emancipation in the British islands will probably be a commercial advantage to

*White persons born in the West Indies.

the slaveholding colonies, because the short crops of the former will increase the value of produce in the latter.

It is obvious that a comment on each of the above propositions would fill a book, nor have I time or disposition to enter into the field of argument. If any man supposes the writer of these remarks to be in any degree in favor of slavery, he is greatly mistaken: I was always strenuously opposed to it, and since my visit to the West Indies I abhor it. Yet in administering justice there is no reason why we should overlook moderation and prudence.

Once for all, let us change the subject. Reader, if you are in bad health, especially if you suffer with pulmonary disease, or are rheumatic, or dyspeptic, pass a winter in Santa Cruz. Do not arrive there before the middle of December, nor stay later than the middle of April. When you arrive ask for the boarding house of Mrs Boyle, where are congregated all the comforts of the tropics. At eight in the morning you have a delightful breakfast; at noon a luncheon of fruits; at four a good dinner, and in the evening a cup of the best coffee in the West Indies. And then your hostess is a lady, a New York lady;—graceful, intelligent and agreeable. Don't expose yourself to the heat of the sun; abjure spirituous liquors and tobacco altogether. The water is good; but you may drink malt liquors, and French wines, such as claret, sauterene, and hock. If you wish to derive benefit from the climate, remember how much will be owing to yourself; in fact, "let your moderation appear in all things;" and let me tell you that in these sunny islands your greatest danger will arise from the hospitality of the inhabitants.

WHAT WILL EDUCATE?

Maxims have comparatively little influence.—What will and does educate?—Influence of circumstances.

In the laudable anxiety of their hearts, two parents, with a family of infants playing around their feet, are heard to say: "Oh! what will, what can best educate these dear children?"

I reply, look to yourselves and your circumstances. Maxims and documents are good in themselves, and especially good for the regulation of your conduct and your behaviour towards them. But with regard to your children, you have yet often to remark, that many maxims are good, precisely till they are tried, or applied, and no longer. In the hands of many parents, they will teach the children to talk, but very often, little more.

I do not mean to assert that sentiments inculcated have no influence; far from it. They have much, though not the most; but still, after all, it is the sentiments you let drop occasionally, it is the conversation they overhear, when playing in the corner of the room, which has more effect than any thing which is addressed to them directly in the tone of exhortation. Besides, as to maxims, ever remember that between those which you bring forward for their use, and those by which you direct your own conduct, children have almost an intuitive discernment; and it is by the latter they will be mainly governed, both during childhood, and future existence.

The question, however, returns; what will educate these children?—Your example will educate them—your conversation with your friends—the business they see you transact—the likings and dislikings you express—these will educate them. The society you live in will educate them—your domestics will educate them—and, whatever be your rank or situation in life, your house, your table, and your daily behaviour, will educate them. To withdraw these from the unceasing and potent influence of these things, is impossible, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also.

Some parents talk of beginning the education of their children!—The moment they were capable of forming an idea, their education was already begun—the education of circumstances—insensible education, which, like insensible perspiration, is of more constant and powerful effect, and of far more consequence to the habit, than that which is direct and apparent. This education goes on at every instant of time; it goes on like time; you can neither stop it, nor turn its course. Whatever these have a tendency to make your children, that, in a great degree, they will be.—James's Family Monitor.

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